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GEMS
FROM THE LIFE

OF

Catherine Booth,

THE

Mother of the Salvation Army,

BEING

EXTRACTS FROM THE ORIGINAL,

COMPILED BY

F. DE LA BOOTH-TUCKER,

Together with Some Touching Reminiscences.



1893.

TORONTO TRADE HEADQUARTERS.

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EXTRACTS FROM VOL. I.

The prospects were brilliant, and the wedding day had been fixed, when, on the very eve of the marriage, certain circumstances came to her knowledge which proved conclusively that her lover was not the high-souled, noble character she had supposed him to be, indeed that he was unworthy of the womanly love and confidence she had so unreservedly reposed in him. With the same promptness and decision which afterward characterised her daughter, Miss Milward's mind was made up, and the engagement immediately broken off.

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From time to time special preachers came to conduct the services. One of the most popular of these was John Mumford. Even the Gorgonian aunt was constrained to appreciate him, and was heard to declare in an unguarded moment that he was certainly the finest young man in the town. For a time all went well. But dire was the wrath, and boundless the indignation of Mr. Milward, when he learned that John Mumford had dared to aspire to the hand of his daughter. Not only was the young preacher ordered out of the house, but, as the door slammed behind him, Mr. Milward with his own hand turned the key in the lock, as though to make his return doubly impossible.

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The family removed in 1834 to Boston, in Lincolnshire, Mr. Mumford's native town. During his stay here he commenced to take an active part in the Temperance movement, his home becoming a centre



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round which many of the leading Temperance luminaries revolved. Catherine, with her curly locks and flashing black eyes, together with her brilliant conversational powers, was before long one of the most interesting features of her father's table, taking her share in the parlor debates, which were to prove so valuable a training for her future career.

Mrs. Booth says of this period :

"One incident, I recollect, threw me for weeks into the greatest distress. We had a beautiful retriever, named Waterford, which was very much attached to me. It used to lie for hours on the rug outside my door, and if it heard me praying or weeping, it would whine and scratch to be let in, that it might in some way manifest its sympathy and comfort me. Wherever I went the dog would follow me about as my self-constituted protector—in fact, we were inseparable companions. One day Waterford had accompanied me on a message to my father's house of business. I closed the door, leaving the dog outside, when I happened to strike my foot against something, and cried out with the sudden pain. Waterford heard me, and without a moment's hesitation came crashing through the large glass window to my rescue. My father was so vexed at the damage done that he caused the dog to be immediately shot. For months I suffered intolerably, especially in realizing that it was in the effort to alleviate my sufferings the beautiful creature had lost its life. Days passed before I could speak to my father, although he afterwards greatly regretted his hasty action, and strove to console me as best he could. The fact I had no child companions doubtless made me miss my speechless one the more."

Kate and her mother were deeply attached to Methodism. Its literature was their meat and drink; its history was their pride—its heroes and heroines their admiration. They had no other idea than to spend in its ranks the whole of their life, and to devote to the advancement of its cause their every effort. Little Catherine used to watch with profound pity the members of other denominations who passed the house on the way to their various places of worship.



MRS. MUMFORD.



MR. MUMFORD.

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History was one of her favorite studies. She experienced special pleasure in reading about those whose great deeds had served to benefit others.

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Amongst other studies Catherine had, as might have been expected, a special aptitude for composition. Geography she liked, longing to be able to visit the countries and nations about which she had read. Arithmetic was her bug-bear, but this she afterward attributed to the senseless way in which it was taught, since to her logical and mathematical mind figures had afterward a considerable attraction.

* * *

Catherine now joined the Wesleyan Church in Brixton, of which her mother had for some time been a member. So strict was her conscientiousness, and so determined had she been not to play the part of a hypocrite, that she would not give in her name previously to this, although she had been one of the most regular attendants and earnest listeners.

* * *

She now joined a Bible class which was conducted by the wife of a supernumerary minister of the circuit. This class she continued to attend for the next five years. "Mrs. Keay used to insist upon my praying," she tells us, "and would often keep the class five minutes upon their knees waiting for me to begin. When I told her one day that the excitement and exertion had made me ill, she replied, 'Never mind! you will be of use by and by, if you overcome this timidity and employ your gifts.'"

* * *

"14th May, 1847.—This morning, while reading Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart, I was much blessed, and enabled to give myself afresh into the hands of God, to do, or to suffer, all His will. Oh, that I may be made useful in this family! Lord, they know Thee not, neither do they seek Thee! Have mercy upon them, and help me to set an example, at all times and in all places, worthy of imitation. Help me to adorn the Gospel of my God, my Saviour, in all things."

"I am indignant at the Conference for their base treatment of Mr. Burnett. But I quite expected it, when he gave a conscientious affidavit in Mr. Hardy's case. Well, it will all come down on their own pates. The Lord will reward them according to their doings, if they only persevere a little longer. *Reform is certain.*"

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The democratic element had, however, after Wesley's death, gradually gained strength, claiming for itself a voice in the Connexional government, and in the administration of its revenues. How far the governmental question was used as a catch-cry by a dissatisfied minority of the ministers who hoped, upon the shoulders of the people, to climb into office and dispossess the party then in power, it is not for us to say. It is certain, however, that it gave rise to several agitations, in the course of which the secessions occurred which led to the establishment of the younger branches of Methodism..

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The objection raised against such a proceeding, as unusual, unjustifiable, and inquisitorial in its character, was over-ruled, and a declaration, repudiating any connection with the authorship of the pamphlets, was drawn up for signature.

Seventy ministers refused to sign this document.

* * *

Finding arguments of no avail, her class-leader reluctantly decided to withhold Miss Mumford's ticket of membership.

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From the decision of the superintending minister and his staff there is practically no appeal. It was thus that Miss Mumford found herself expelled from the Wesleyan Church.

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It so happened that the Reformers had commenced to hold meetings in a hall near



CATHERINE MUMFORD.

Miss Mumford's home. She was offered and accepted the senior class in the Sunday-school, consisting of some fifteen girls, whose ages ranged from twelve to nineteen.

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"I am the only son of my mother, and she is a widow," was his (William Booth's) pathetic introduction of himself to a Methodist brother who, forty years later, remembers the very tone in which the words were uttered. His London life was, moreover, a lonely one.

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We cannot help smiling as we find William Booth writing to his friend, that he was seriously thinking of tendering his services as chaplain to a convict-ship in order to work his way out to Australia, as he had heard that it was easier to enter the ministry there than in England. He adds touchingly :

"And then my mother's image flits across my mind ! You know I would prefer by far the home-work. But the difficulties are so great. My ability is not equal to the task. *Preachers are not wanted.* My superintendent told me so. And to go to quarter-day and not succeed would break my heart. Were my talents of a superior nature, were my attainments of a more elevated character, and my education more liberal and extensive, then might I calculate with some degree of certainty on passing the scrutiny of the criticising leaders, preachers, and trustees of the London fifth, or Lambeth circuit."

* * *

Making sure that he had discovered once more the cloven hoof of the Reformers, and determined to purge his society from every trace of the pernicious taint, he withheld the usual ticket of membership, and thus practically expelled from the Wesleyan body the most talented and brilliant Methodist of the day.

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He was now practically her pastor. The Reformers had accepted him as their preacher, at the instance of Mr. Rabbitts, who had undertaken to pay him his salary. "How much will you require?" he

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asked, in broaching the question. "Twelve shillings a week will keep me in bread and cheese," responded the first Salvation Army Captain. "I would not hear of such a thing," replied his friend; "you must take at least a pound." And, so, with this modest remuneration, Mr. Booth commenced his work as a preacher of the Gospel, "Passing rich on *fifty* pounds a year.

The earliest is dated 11th May, 1852, when the question of the engagement was still undecided :

"MY DEAR FRIEND :—I have been spreading your letter before the Lord, and earnestly pleading for a manifestation of His will to your mind. And now I would say a few words of comfort and encouragement.

"If you wish to avoid giving me pain, don't condemn yourself. I feel sure God does not condemn you, and if you could look into my heart you would see how far I am from such a feeling. *Don't pore over the past!* Let it all go! Your desire is to do the will of God, and He will guide you. Never mind *who* frowns, if God smiles.

"The words 'gloom, melancholy and despair,' lacerate my heart. Don't give way to such feelings for a moment. *God loves you.* He will sustain you. The thought that I should increase your perplexity and cause you any suffering, is almost intolerable. I am tempted to wish that we had never seen each other! Do try to forget me, as far as the remembrance would injure your usefulness or spoil your peace. If I have no alternative but to oppose the will of God, or trample on the desolations of my own heart, *my choice is made!* 'Thy will be done!' is my constant cry. I care not for myself, but, oh, if I *cause you to err*, I shall never be happy again!"

In the same letter she adds :

"It is very trying to be depreciated and slighted when you are acting from the purest motives. But consider the character of those who thus treat you, and *don't overestimate their influence.* You have some true friends in the circuit, and what is better than all, you have a friend above, whose love is as great as His power. He can open your way to another sphere of usefulness, greater than you now conceive of."

The following letter, written a few days subsequently, might almost have been penned by a Hannah or Mary, when rejoicing over their answered prayers, and deserves to be embalmed in memory :

"MY DEAREST WILLIAM :—The evening is beautifully serene and tranquil, according sweetly with the feelings of my soul. The whirlwind is past, and the succeeding calm is proportionate to its violence. Your letter—your visit have hushed its last murmurs and stilled every

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FIRST PAGE OF MSS. — ANALYSIS OF BUTLER'S ANALOGY, WRITTEN WHEN 16 YEARS OF AGE.

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Your own loving

KATE."

After referring to some domestic matters she gives an interesting glimpse behind the scenes at the conclusion of her letter :

"Don't sit up singing till twelve o'clock, after a hard day's work. Such things are not required by either God or man, and remember you are not your own."

The letters abound with the deepest sentiments of affection :

"I have brought with me to Spalding a far better likeness than the daguerreotype—namely, your image stamped upon my soul. I press the dear outline of your features to my lips and yearn for the original to press to my heart. Heaven smile upon thee, my dearest love."

Indeed, their first serious difference of opinion arose soon after their engagement in regard to the mental and social equality of woman as compared with man. Mr. Booth argued that while the former carried the palm in point of affection, the latter was her superior in regard to intellect. He quoted the old aphorism that woman has a fibre more in her heart and a cell less in her brain. Miss Mumford would not admit this for a moment. She held that intellectual woman was man's equal, and that, were it not so, the inferiority was due to disadvantages of training, a lack of opportunity, rather than to any shortcomings on the part of nature. Indeed, she had avowed her determination never to take as her partner in life one who was not prepared to give woman her proper due.

"The second essential which I resolved upon was that he should be a man of sense. I knew that I could never respect a fool, or one much weaker mentally than myself. Many imagine that because a man is converted, that is all that is required. That is a great mistake. There ought to be a similarity or congeniality of character as well as of grace. As a dear old man, whom I often quote, once said, 'When thou choosest a companion for life, choose one with whom thou couldst live without grace, lest he lose it!'

But although his labors were attended with such multiplied success, nevertheless both Miss Mumford and Mr. Booth felt that it was high time either for the Reform movement to become crystallized into a

united organization of its own, with a distinctive government whose authority would be acknowledged by all, or, failing this, that it would be necessary for Mr. Booth to attach himself to some church which answered to this description. It so happened that at this very period he became acquainted with the Methodist New Connection, which to his mind appeared admirably fitted to the requirements of the Reformers, combining a liberal government with Wesleyan doctrine. Here was the very opportunity for which Mr. Booth had so long looked, and he conceived the bold idea of not only joining them himself but of urging the entire body to do the same.

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At that time, however, of which we write, the controversy was of a perplexing character, as may be gathered from the following letters :

"HOLBEACH, January, 1854.

"MY DEAREST KATE,—The plot thickens, and I hesitate not to tell you that I fear, and fear much, that I am going wrong.

"Yesterday I received a letter asking me if I would consent to come to the Hinde Street Circuit (London Reformers), salary £100 per year. I have also heard that the committee in London are about to make me an offer. I would give a great deal to be satisfied as to the right path, and gladly would I walk it, whether here or there.

"You see, my dearest, it is certainly enough to make a fellow think and tremble. Here I am at present in a circuit numbering 780 members, with an increase for the year of nearly two hundred. Am invited to another with near a thousand. And yet I am going to join a church with but 150 members in London, and a majority of circuits with but a similar number.

"I fear that with all my cautiousness on this subject I shall regret it. Send me a kind letter to reach me on Friday. Bless you, a thousand times ! My present intention is to tear myself away from all and every thing, and persevere in the path I have chosen. They reckon it down here the maddest, wildest, most premature and hasty step that ever they knew a saved man to take.

"I remain, my dearest love,

"Your own

"WILLIAM."

* * *

Two days later he adds :

"Yesterday I preached to crowded congregations, and we had a crushing prayer meeting. Some splendid cases. I am more than ever attached to the people. They are thorough-going folks. *Just my sort.* I love them dearly, and shall stand by them and help them when I can.

"I have just taken hold of that sketch you sent me on 'Be not deceived,' and am about to make a full sermon upon it. I like it much. It is admirable. I want you to write some short articles for

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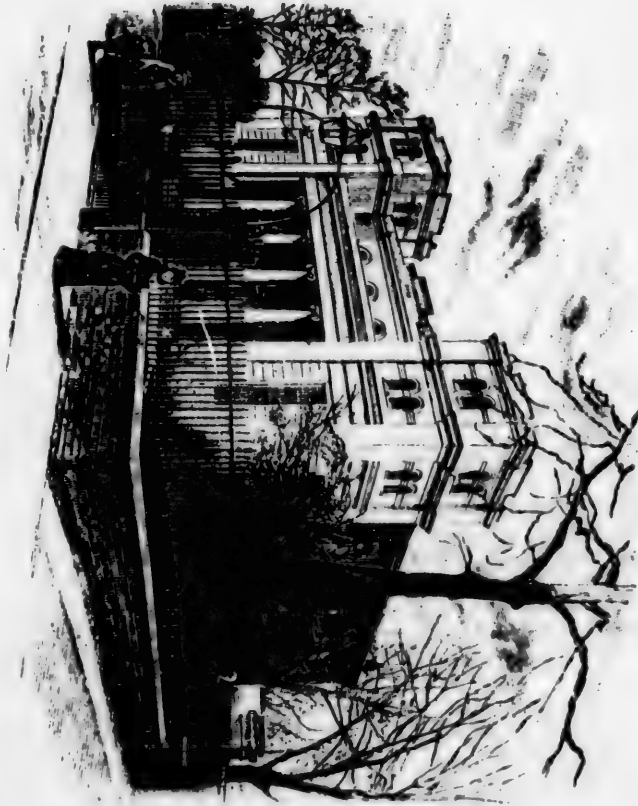
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THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL IN BOSTON.



our magazine. Begin one and get it done by the time I come up. It will do you a world of good. I am sure you can do it. I will look them over and send them to the editor.

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And so an advent which was fraught with consequences of everlasting importance to hundreds of thousands of souls, was enacted in all the empty quietude of a congregationless chapel. Mr. Booth led his bride to the altar in the presence of none, save her father, his sister, and the officiating minister. And yet, perhaps, never has there been a wiser choice, a more heaven-approved union, than the one which was thus undemonstratively celebrated by Dr. Thomas, at the Stockwell New Chapel, on the 16th June, 1885.

* * *

The results had indeed been remarkable. In the space of four months no less than 1,739 persons had sought salvation at nine separate centres, besides a considerable number at four or five other places, of which we have no particulars. This gave an average of 214 for each circuit visited, or 161 for each week, and 23 for each day during the time that meetings were being held.

* * *

How keenly they felt the separation may be judged from the first letters interchanged between them, after Mr. Booth had left :

“3, CASTLE GATE, YORK, August 4th, 1855.

“MY PRECIOUS WIFE,—The first time I have written you that endearing appellation! Bless you a thousand times! How often during my journey have I taken my eyes from off the book I was reading to think about you—yes, to think tenderly about you, about our future and our home.

* * *

To this letter Mrs. Booth sent the following response :

“August 6th, 1855.

“MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND,—A thousand thanks for your sweet letter. I have read it over many, many times, and it is still fresh and precious to my heart. I *cannot* answer it, but be assured not a word is forgotten or overlooked.

* * *

“I suppose we shall stay in Leeds seven or eight weeks. They say they will *go to see* the Annual Committee, and shoot some of them with a pop-gun if they won't let us remain. It has come to a regular fight between the circuits and the Committee, but William has given up the controversy.”

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Mrs. Booth resumes :

"We have had a scuffle over the above, but I must let it go, for I have not time to write another, having an engagement at two o'clock, and it is now near one. But I must say in self-defense that it was not about the speech or anything important, that the said curtain lecture was given, but only on a point which in no way invalidates my eulogy.

"Sunday, January 11th.—Heard Mr. Spurgeon, and was much pleased and profited—a truly simple, earnest, and faithful sermon. I doubt not he is doing a very great work."

"Indeed, he prided himself on conducting his meetings on the highest level of the 'decency and order' platform. He told me how, on one occasion, in the Staffordshire Potteries, he had stopped some women from clapping their hands and slapping the forms in a manner which he fancied was contrary to proper worship, adding that he always put down his foot on such manifestations and controlled them with a firm hand,

"He was not a little shocked, therefore, one night, when the feeling in the meeting was beginning to get warm, to see a dear woman spring to her feet in an ecstasy, and begin to jump up and down with a measured rhythm, keeping exact time to the tune we were singing, with a little shout of 'Glory!' every time she went up. There was nothing that I could see contrary to either Scripture or decorum in the method by which this simple woman manifested her joy, though it was certainly opposed to the cold, cut-and-dried notion of church order. The General, however, feeling the responsibility of the meeting to be resting upon him, and fearing lest the excitement might get beyond bounds, gave orders for her to be stopped. In the carrying out of his instructions the exercise of some slight physical force was necessary. This was perceived by the congregation and the influence of the meeting was thus destroyed. From that time the work dragged heavily, and, although there was an encouraging spurt at the end, yet the General came away realizing that he had made a mistake, and determining that in future, instead of stamping out the excitement, he would content himself with guiding it."

Mr. Booth wrote to the President :

"Does the conference take exception to the character of my mission altogether, or is it the manner in which I have discharged it during the past year that has given offence? If the former, I have nothing to say, but if fault has been found with anything I have said or done, I claim the privilege of self-defense. Surely in the New Connexion Conference flying reports are not permitted to find utterance, and speeches

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unfavorably affecting character are not listened to, without giving the defamed an opportunity of defending himself."

"O Brother Booth, if I could preach and floor the sinners like you can, I would not thank Queen Victoria to be my aunt or cousin! When I hear or read of your success, I could wish to be your *shoe-black*! There is no man of whom I have read, Caughey excepted, who has equalled you for usefulness, considering the short time you have been at it. And for you to allow the decrees of the New Connexion Conference, or of any other conclave of men, to turn you away from following the guidance of the Holy Spirit, is what I cannot bear to think of. I know what you feel, and I also have shed the big agonising tear, when placed in the same circumstances."

Mrs. Booth says :

"I addressed the Band of Hope on Monday evening, and got on far better than I expected. Indeed, I felt quite at home on the platform, far more so than I do in the kitchen! There were a few adults present, and they seemed quite as much interested and pleased as the children. One of them, William says, is the most intelligent gentleman in our congregation. I got abundantly complimented, and had the most pleasing evidence of the gratification and delight of the children. Our next meeting is on Tuesday, the 29th, I expect a large increase in the attendance. If I get on I shall give a lecture to the females of Brighthouse first, and then to a mixed audience. But I must not be too sanguine. Perhaps I may lose my confidence next time. I am so anxious to succeed for the cause's sake. I hope my dear father will not forget his promise to help me by sending me some hints.

Mrs. Booth describes the visit to Sheffield and her impressions of the famous evangelist in the following letter :

SHEFFIELD, February.

"There was a very large meeting on Tuesday night. Upward of twelve hundred sat down to tea. We were at the same table with Mr. Caughey, and William had some conversation with him. On Wednesday we dined with him at the house where he is staying, and enjoyed a rich treat in his society. He is a sweet fellow, one of the most gentle, loving, humble spirits you can conceive of. He treated us with great consideration and kindness, conversed with William on his present and future position like a brother, and prayed for us most fervently.

"On Thursday morning he called at Mr. Wilkins' and baptised our dear Ballington in the presence of a few friends. It was a very solemn and interesting ceremony. He asked for him the most precious of all blessings, and dedicated him to God most fervently, afterwards placing his hand on his head and blessing him in the name of the Lord. He

wrote me an inscription for my Bible, and took leave of us most affectionately, expressing the deepest interest in our future, and a desire to know the proceedings of the next Conference in William's case. I cannot describe—I must leave you to imagine, the effect of all this on my mind. After almost adoring his very name for ten years past to be thus privileged was well nigh too much for me. When he took leave of me, I pressed one fervent kiss on his hand, and felt more gratified than if it had been Queen Victoria's."

At this juncture a Mr. Halliwell, who had been one of the most rabid opponents of the evangelistic work at the previous Conference, came forward and suggested a compromise. His proposition was that Mr. Booth should agree to go to a circuit for another year, at the end of which he should be recalled to revival work by the unanimous vote of the Conference. Mr. Halliwell offered himself to propose this resolution, which was to be drawn up by Mr. Booth's friends. The compromise was accepted, though at a subsequent date Mr. Booth was not a little chagrined to find that the resolution in question made no mention of the stipulated restoration to the evangelistic sphere.

"This observation was strongly resented, and in the little hubbub that ensued my motion was defeated by an overwhelming majority. I believe this was the only resolution," says Mr. Booth, "that I ever sought to impose upon the Conference."

"Without stopping another moment I rose up from my seat and walked down the aisle. My dear husband was just going to conclude. He thought something had happened to me, and so did the people. We had been there two years, and they knew my timid, bashful nature. He stepped down and asked me, 'What is the matter, my dear?' I replied, 'I want to say a word.' He was so taken by surprise that he could only say, 'My dear wife wishes to speak,' and sat down. For years he had been trying to persuade me to do it. Only that very week he had wanted me to go and address a little cottage meeting of some twenty working people; but I had refused.

"I did not feel much rapturous joy, but perfect peace, the sweet rest which Jesus promised to the heavy-laden. I have understood the Apostle's meaning when he says, 'We who believe do enter into rest.' This is just descriptive of my state at present."

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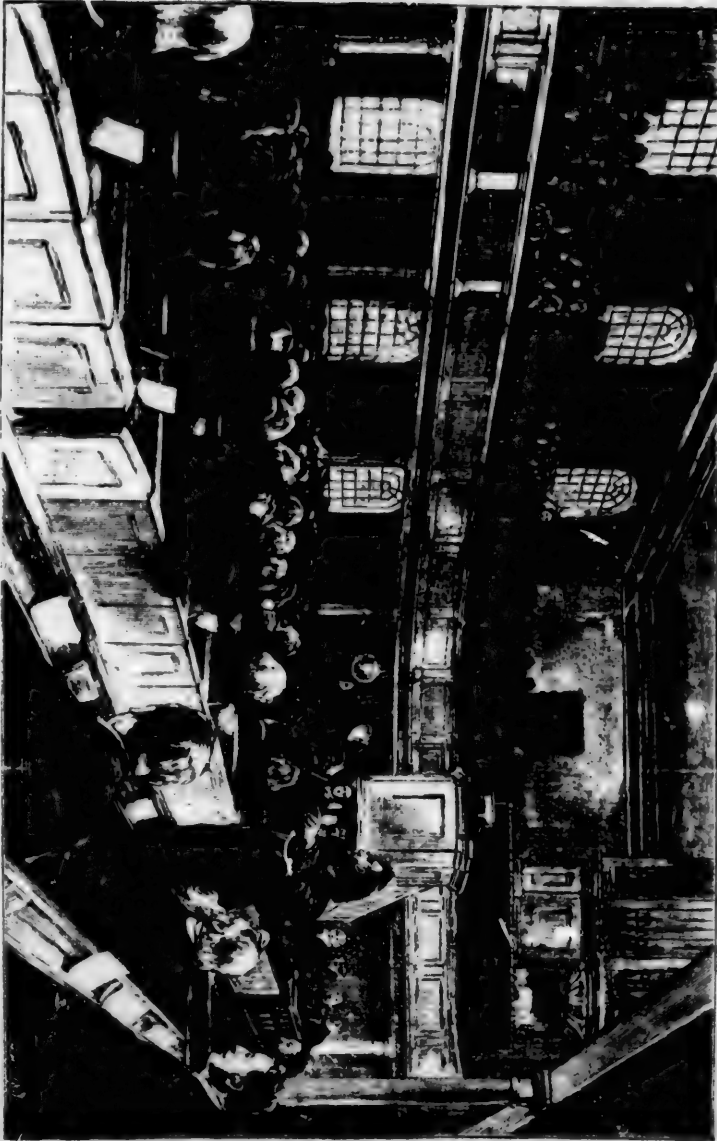
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THE RESIGNATION SCENE.



"At length our case came on for consideration. As we had anticipated, the proposal for our restoration to the evangelistic sphere met with brisk opposition, although the reasons advanced for it had undergone a complete change. In fact it was necessary for Mr. Wright and his friends to invent some fresh pretexts for their action, inasmuch as we had completely cut the ground from beneath their former objections. Nevertheless, there was every reason to believe that nearly half the ministers and the majority of the laymen present were in favor of the proposal, and we trusted that with their help we should be able to carry the day. Nothing surprised me, however, more than the half-hearted and hesitating manner in which some spoke, who had in private assured us most emphatically of their sympathy and support. I believe that *cowardice* is one of the most prevailing and subtle sins of the day. People are so *pusillanimous* that they dare not say 'No,' and are afraid to go contrary to the opinions of others, or to find themselves in a minority.

"On three separate occasions the subject of our appointment was brought forward for discussion and was successively adjourned, the debate causing considerable excitement throughout. Every imaginable and unimaginable objection was resorted to by the opposition, which was headed, as before, by the Rev. P. J. Wright. It so happened, moreover, that Dr. Crofts, who had been largely instrumental on the first occasion in relegating us to circuit work, was this year appointed as President of the Connexion. There can be little doubt that this nomination exercised an important influence upon the events that followed."

Mr. Booth, therefore, refused point-blank to accept the compromise, but before time could be given to his sympathisers to recover from their surprise the amendment was put to the vote and carried by a large majority.

Rising from her seat and bending over the gallery, Mrs. Booth's clear voice rang through the Conference, as she said to her husband, "Never!"

Mr. Booth sprang to his feet, and waved his hat in the direction of the door. Heedless of the ministerial cries of "Order, order," and not pausing for another word, they hurried forth, met and embraced each other at the foot of the gallery stairs, and turned their back upon

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THE TENT IN THE QUAKER'S BURIAL GROUND.



the Conference, resolved to trust God for the future, come what might, and to follow out their conscientious convictions regarding His work.

True, chances had lain within his reach for convulsing the denomination with a schism which would have stripped it of many of its most spiritual members and supporters, and for this there was ample precedent. He might have imitated the example of the founder of the denomination, Alexander Kilham, who had organised a secession from the Wesleyan ranks, and had principally directed his efforts towards recruiting his adherents from the body which had expelled him. Again, there was the example of Mr. Dunn and the other leaders of the Reform agitation.

The district meeting of the Cornish ministers had taken place in March, when the work in St. Just was at its very height, and soon after the remarkable campaigns already described at St. Ives and Hayle. And yet, incredible as it may appear, the ministers had passed a resolution praying Conference to forbid the use of their chapels to Mr. and Mrs. Booth.

But just as the dark and discouraging days in Brighthouse had been brightened for Mr. and Mrs. Booth by the advent of their son Ballington, so the storm-clouds of Penzance displayed a silver lining in the birth of their fifth child, Herbert, the future musician of the Salvation Army, the composer of some of its most stirring melodies and the originator of its countless brass bands.

Since resigning their ministerial position in the Methodist New Connexion, Mr. and Mrs. Booth had marked out for themselves the task of helping to revive the Christian church in general from the state of torpidity, inactivity and worldly conformity into which it seemed to have lapsed. Through the instrumentality of an awakened church, as we have seen, they hoped ultimately to reach the masses.

It was an appropriate spot for the commencement of his work in more ways than one. The quiet precincts of the disused graveyard were a fitting type of the moral valley of dry bones in the midst of which the Spirit of the Lord had set down this modern Ezekiel.

The resurrection of the one seemed as hopelessly impossible, or at least as distant, as that of the other. But, if neither the Jewish prophet nor his Quaker antitype of two hundred years ago could take his stand on Mile-End Waste, their representative was there, ready to prophesy to the bones that were "very many," and "very dry," until they "stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great Army."

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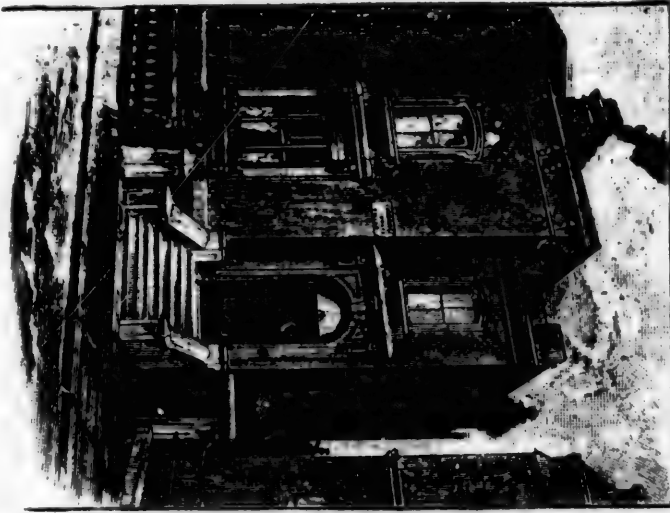
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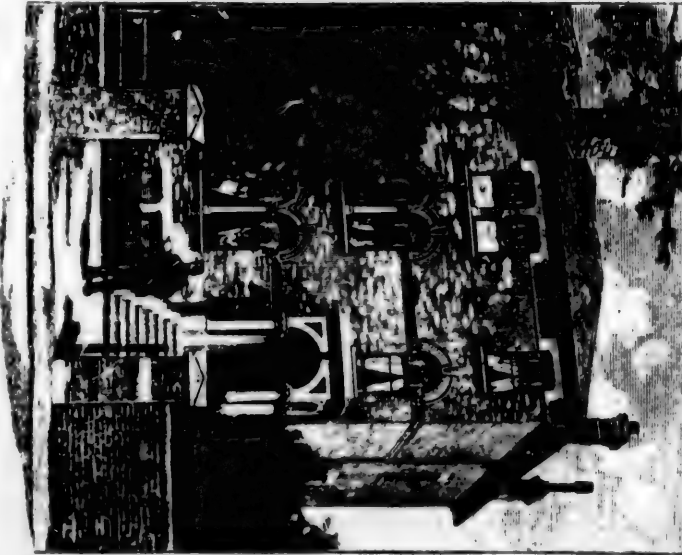
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"Here, Kate," would sound the General's voice from his desk, and she would run to his side from the nursery, or from her household work, to pass her opinion upon an article, an appeal, a despatch, or some new development of the work. Or he would take the kitchen by storm, and while her hands were busy with the dough for the family bread or pudding, he would sit astride the table and pour into her sympathetic ears the story of his last rebuff, or some more than usually exciting piece of news regarding the Mission.

To this it may be replied that General Booth has done the same. If they were General Booths, the contention would be sound. But unfortunately this is not the case. It is interesting, moreover, to remark that so satisfied was Mr. Booth of the necessity and importance of organisation that he only left the church with the utmost reluctance when it had itself driven him forth. And even then he sought to reunite himself to some existing organization, "like a boat to a steamer," as he graphically described it. It was only the rapid and unexpected growth of the Mission which precluded either the necessity or possibility of such a course.

"I send by this post a pamphlet on vaccination," writes Mrs. Booth. "Do read it, if only for the exhibition it gives of the prejudice of the 'profession.' It seems as though all advance in the right treatment of the disease has to be in the first instance largely in spite of the doctors, instead of their leading the way. And as it was in the beginning it is now, in many respects. I should sooner pawn my watch to pay the fines, and my bed, too, for the matter of that, than have any more children vaccinated. The monstrous system is as surely doomed as blood-letting was. This is one of the boons we shall get by waiting and enlightening.



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PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO AMERICAN CONTINGENT, WHITECHAPEL.



EXTRACTS FROM VOL. II.

The first year of the Christian Mission's existence under its new name was a season of peculiar trial. Early in the year Mr. Booth fell ill, and was for three months completely laid aside. This emergency called forth all the latent energies and capacities for leadership of Mrs. Booth. Hitherto the conduct of the Mission had devolved almost exclusively upon the General.

He was an ardent Second Adventist, and had convinced himself that the Emperor Napoleon was the beast foretold in the Revelation, whose number was 666. With infinite pains and numerous illustrative diagrams he had prepared and published a book in support of this theory. Unfortunately for his interpretation, however, the volume was scarcely out of the printer's hands when Napoleon died.

"The regulation was that the singing and prayer were altogether to occupy about ten minutes, and very often the limit was not exceeded; but I remember few occasions of the kind when the whole Conference did not appear to be for the time completely merged into heaven."

It is said that when the late Prince Imperial was but a child he gained for himself the sobriquet of "Little Mr. Ten Minutes," owing to an inveterate habit he had acquired of pleading for ten minutes longer when asked to do anything.

January, 1887, will ever be memorable in the history of the Salvation Army, for it was then that the democratic system of government into which, as we have already seen, the Christian Mission had fast been drifting, was finally replaced by a purely military constitution. Not that Mr. Booth had any intention of copying the latter. On the contrary, it was some time before he himself noticed the resemblance. In striving to develope and perfect his infant organization he unconsciously drifted into a system which assumed a military character. Thus the Army existed as such before he gave it the name, and the evangelists were officers long before the title of captain had been adopted.

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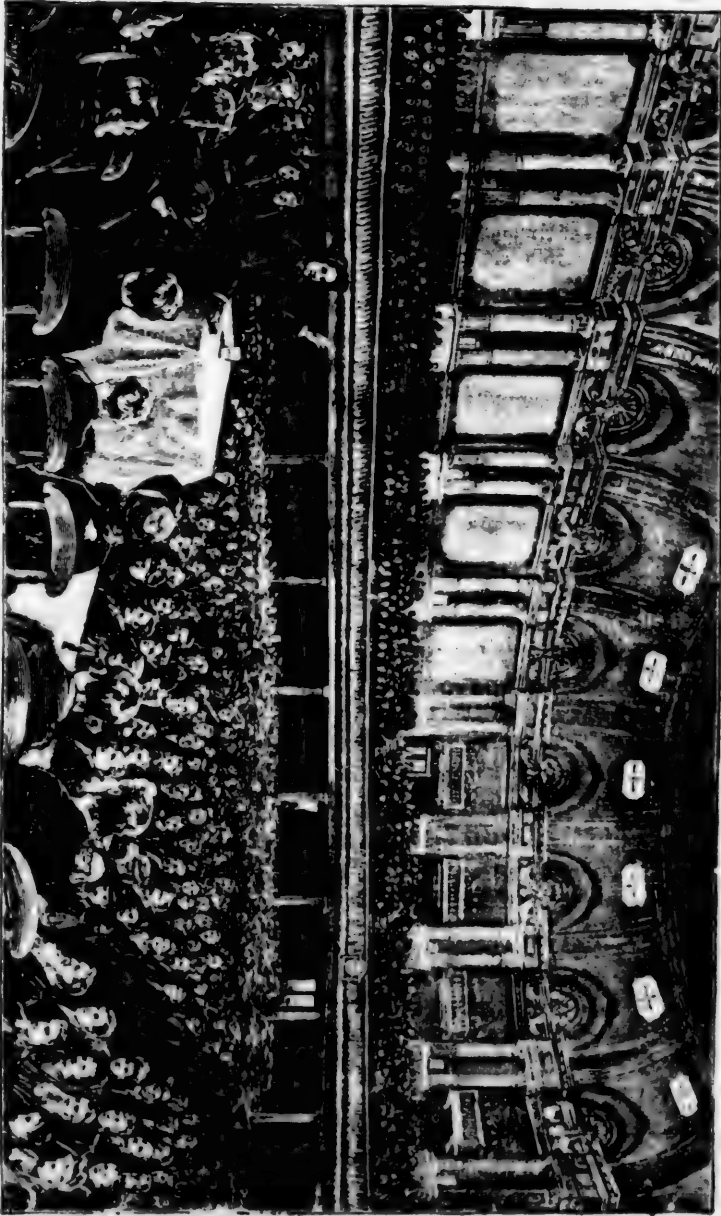
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MRS. BOOTH IN THE FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.



Seated at the table were his two indefatigable aides-de-camp, Mr. Bramwell and Mr. Railton. "What is the Christian Mission?" was a question propounded by the circular. To this was proposed the reply, "A Volunteer Army." Pausing for a moment, and leaning over the shoulder of his secretary, the General picked up a pen, passed it through the word "Volunteer" and wrote above it "Salvation."

* * *

The controversy which had for some time been perplexing Mr. Bramwell Booth, as to whether he should devote himself to some secular profession, which would render him independent of the Mission funds and which would still leave him free to devote his leisure to the work, was at length happily decided by his determining to abandon the idea. The exigencies of the hour, the ever-increasing burden that rested upon his parents, the rapid progress of the Mission, all seemed to point in one direction.

* * *

The Salvation Army in its present form is no more the accidental grouping together of a number of atoms than is the product of engineering skill, such as a steamer, or railway engine. Those who see but its outward developments have little idea of the care, the consideration, and the calculation which, in constant dependence upon the Divine Spirit, are bestowed upon the preparation of each component part. The Deed Poll of 1878 was the final outcome of prolonged and prayerful deliberation. It was purposely simplified to the utmost possible degree. Only those doctrines were included which appeared to be necessary to salvation. Only those regulations were introduced which should serve as a skeleton for whatever addition differences of time and nationality might demand. Only those fundamental objects were enacted which were to be the eternal and unchangeable pursuit of the Salvation Army so long as a single sinner remained to be saved.

* * *

The following paragraphs appeared in the *Northern Echo*, and have a special interest of their own, as being the earliest tribute to the work of the Salvation Army from the pen of the editor of the *Review of Reviews* :

"The two most remarkable manifestations of the latest phases of religious sensationalism which have occurred of late in the north have taken place so near together that the public have a good opportunity of contrasting both their methods and their results. . . ."

* * *

"Sergeant ——— !"

"Captain Blackwood !" (Sir Arthur Blackwood.)

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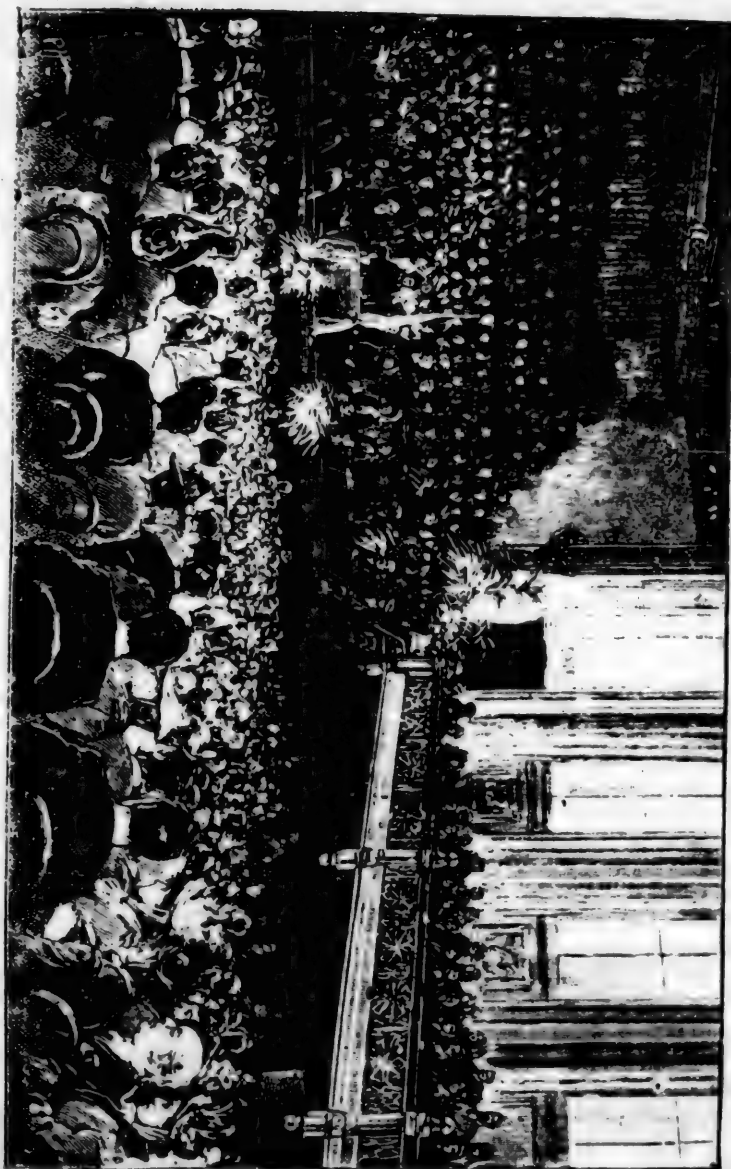
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PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO LA MARECHALE, ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON.



The last time they had met was in the trenches at Sebastopol, now it was beneath the flag of the Salvation Army. Formerly the sergeant had been one of the greatest blackguards in the Queen's army, now he was a saint of the Most High, and color-sergeant of the Coventry Corps, *

The Salvation Army found in America the unity of law and order, while America recognized in the Salvation Army the equality of love ! Each unit is as free to shine, to be good and to do good, and that to the utmost limits of its capacity, as any citizen in the United States. *

" 'The conflict between one little devotee of sixteen years and a company of some sixty men and women, sceptical and shameless, was prolonged. At last a woman, moved by the spectacle of such strong faith, responding so bravely and generously to all kinds of insult, begged the assembly to leave off. *It was the woman who had begun it all !* ' " *

The "Blades" were more familiar with the doings of champion wrestlers and pugilists than with those of archbishops and prime ministers. They were hero-worshippers, and these were their heroes. Samson was their tutelary God. Dick Turpin their High Priest. Bradlaugh their prophet. Infidelity their creed. Anarchy their millennium. The devil their crowned and accepted king. *

"Welcome, valiant General ! Welcome, Salvation Army ! Welcome, mighty band of Christ's commissioned officers ! Thrice welcome ! Our most cordial greeting we offer you upon your arrival in India. We speak to you, heart to heart, with all frankness and enthusiasm. In our utterance is no guile, no flattery. For of what profit is sycophancy ? Ye want no praise, we seek no patronage. We profess a different faith. In matters of doctrine we are not of one accord. Ye are Christians of the old school ; we are Theists. You have come to India to convert our people to Christianity ; we are apostles of the New Dispensation." *

"They shouted, '*Vive la Liberte !*' And when the Marechale answered 'Amen !' they said, 'Ah, we will have liberty, but no Amens ! No religion ! We have had enough of that ; we have had enough of Jesus—Jesuits !' " *

"After our songs they sang the Marseillaise to their own words of blood and death." .

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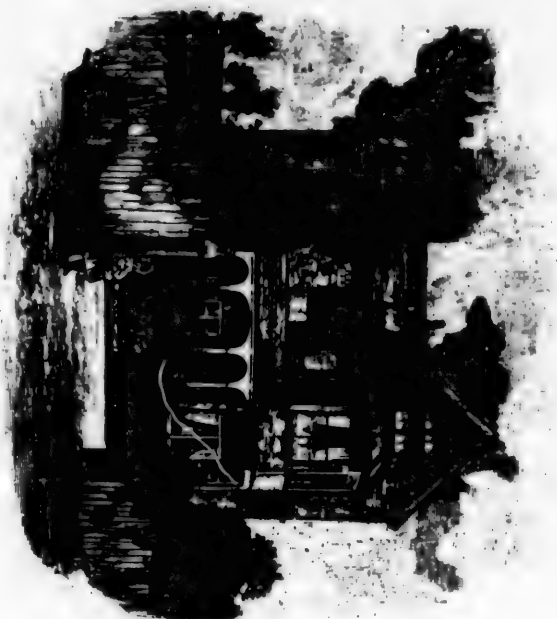
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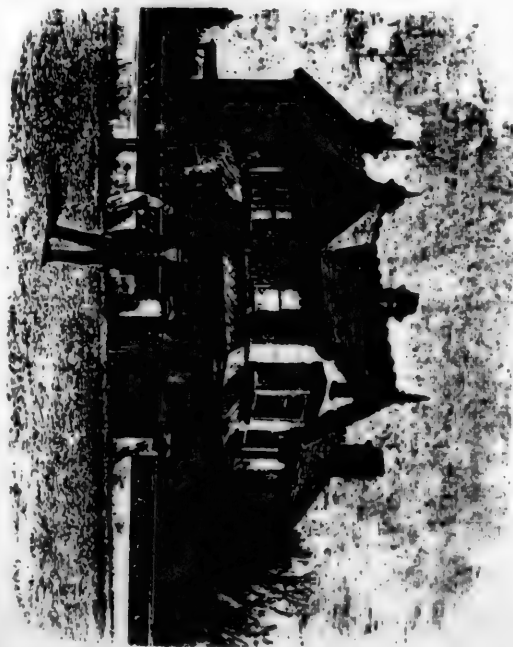
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OCEAN VIEW, CLACTON-ON-SEA.



There was a momentary pause. Mr. Booth waited to see what his friend would say. The silence was painful. At length, raising his clenched hand in the air, Mr. Stead brought it down upon the table with a force that made the inkpots dance, while he gave vent to his emotions in a yell. The word 'DAMN' rang through the room. Then bursting into tears the two men grasped each other's hands, and vowed upon their knees before God that they would not rest until something had been done to expose and remedy the evil.

* * *

Then, tenderly stroking the General's gray head, bowed in sorrow at her side, she took his hand, weeping, and pressing it fervently to her lips, said :

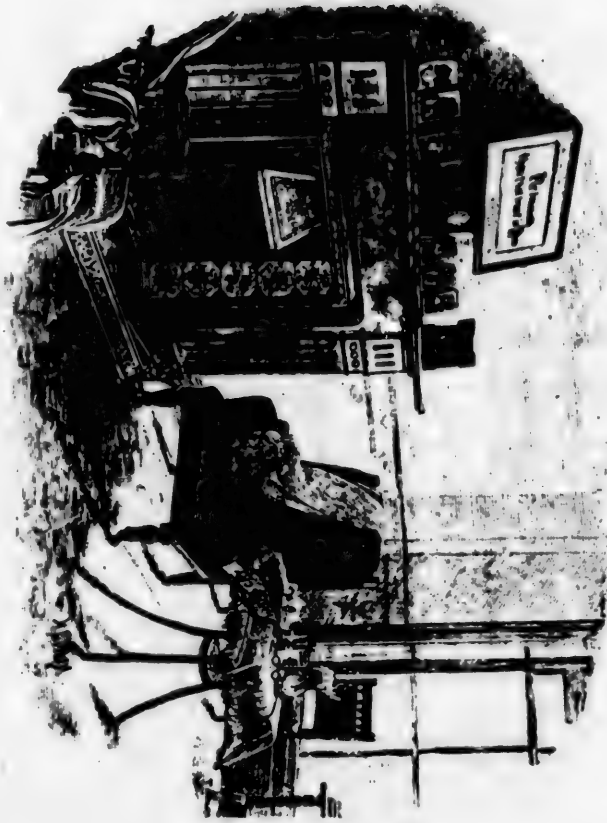
" ' And this I do find :
We two are so joined,
I shall not be long in glory and leave you behind !' --



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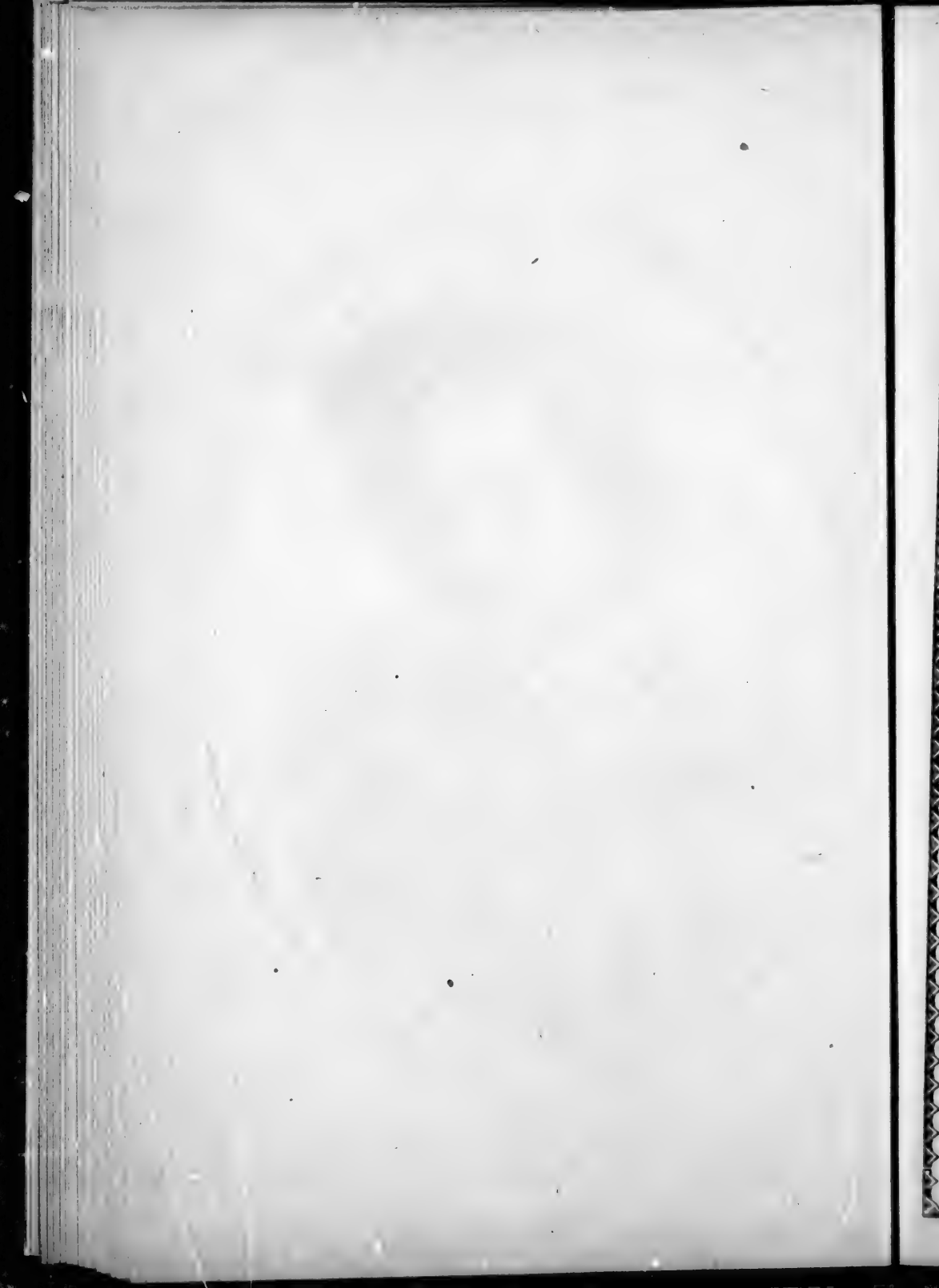
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THE VACANT CHAIR.





THE LATE MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.



CHAPTER I. REMINISCENT.

"A MOTHER OF NATIONS."

In the memoirs of Mrs. Booth, shortly to be published, it is recorded that her conversion took place at the age of sixteen. When twenty-six she was married to the Rev. Wm. Booth—then a Methodist preacher.

In the early days of their union her husband often urged her to speak to the congregation, but though she longed to do so, an innate diffidence held her back. But the occasion came. Her husband was in the pulpit conducting a service for a congregation of about a thousand. Mrs. Booth on this occasion felt depressed, but on a sudden, as she afterwards said, "I felt the Spirit come upon me. The devil said, 'You are not prepared to speak; you will look like a fool, and have nothing to say.' This taunt settled it. I said, 'Ah! this is just the point. I have never yet been willing to be a fool for the sake of religion; now I will be one,' and without stopping another moment, I rose up in the seat and walked up the chapel." The minister gave his wife a right hearty welcome, and requested silence for her. She just got up and told the people how it came about.

"That night," said the General, at one of the Memorial Services, "she preached

LIKE AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN.

"She was the most lovely character it was ever my privilege to cross. She was always most interesting.

I have come across men and women of vast intelligence—of all classes and conditions—but up to the last she always remained the most interesting.

“She was immeasurably the most powerful reasoner I ever listened to. In many respects she was the greatest orator—in true oratory: the power to open the human heart and to open the human mind, and make it possessed of the feelings and convictions of her own soul.”

He described how the great popularity and power of late years had never elated or exalted her in the least.

“She had great influence with rich and poor alike, but she never ceased to be the same simple, unpretentious woman as when I first met her. She ever remained the same beautiful mother. She would go from the

MENDING OF HER CHILDREN'S THINGS,

or superintending the cooking of a dinner, to the greatest assembly, and would have gone, if needs be, just as simply and fearlessly to the House of Lords.”

Describing her chief characteristics, the General mentioned :

1. Her inflexible attachment to principle.
2. Her heart of love. She LOVED the suffering and the friendless.
3. She was always ready to “go” herself to the rescue. She was not so much for SENDING people as for GOING. She was a warrior.

Some months after the victory over her long controversy about public speaking, the “Daily Telegraph” describes how her husband fell sick, and she not only took his place in the pulpit, but discharged all his pastoral duties, while she managed at the same time to take care of her four little children, the eldest little over four. “While I was nursing my baby,” she

wrote, "many a time I was thinking of what I was going to say next Sunday, and

BETWEEN TIMES

noted down with a pencil the thoughts as they struck me."

"The great work of her life was, of course," (we are quoting the "Daily Telegraph") "the part she took in the Salvation Army. There have been many Christian missions among the masses, but, although all have preached temperance and advised total abstinence, none has ever before made teetotalism an essential part of the duty of the converted. Those who look upon the uniformed lads and lasses of the Army as eccentric religionists, or Quaker-like vendors of a little newspaper, hardly take into account this social side of the war. Each man and woman, boy and girl of the force is a pledged hater of alcohol in every shape. This is not the first time in the history of religion that

DENUNCIATION OF STRONG DRINK

has been associated with religious faith.

"Mrs. Booth was an unobtrusive woman, remarkably self-possessed, always suggesting the text, 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' She had a sweet voice both in speaking and singing. She was the female Melancthon of a movement in which her husband took the part of a latter-day Luther, who fought the devil, not only with prayer, but with rough and ready jokes."

Mr. Stead particularly comments on her naturally modest and retiring disposition. He says :

"The last time I saw Mrs. Booth the sun had just set behind the roseate western clouds, and the air was filled with stillness, the lapping of the rippling waves on the beach below being hardly audible. In pain that ever and anon increased to anguish, in weakness so great that her voice could hardly make itself heard, she spoke to me for the last time.

"But, although the long suffering had left her but a helpless and shattered wreck, her spirit was still as high; her interest still as intense, even her sense of humor as quick and as keen as in the days when she had held

LISTENING THOUSANDS

by the power of her eloquence and the consuming passion of her love. And in the light that gladdened the valley of the shadow of death there was no gloom, but a great joy, that was born from the new hope that had arisen, that at last something practical was to be done to improve the condition of the poor.

"She has told us," he continues, "how the thought of speaking in public terrified her like a nightmare; how she fought against the call as long as she dared, and when she gave way at last it was with positive anguish of soul, and not a little feeling of distress, that so heavy a burden should have been laid upon her—this, even when her ministry had been wonderfully blessed, and the announcement that she was to speak was sufficient to attract great multitudes of high and low. She never dared to speak in the presence of her husband. Down to comparatively recent times he would open the meeting, and then retire. 'If I but saw that nose,' she said to me, smiling, once, 'it was all up with me for that meeting.' She got over that in time, as she got over much else. Then, added to her extreme shrinking from publicity, was her physical weakness. It seems almost incredible to read what she accomplished with such a constitution.

TO REAR EIGHT CHILDREN

is in itself the work of a lifetime; but she combined with this an infinite amount of public labor and private counselling of which few have any idea. Frequently, after a great public meeting, she would spend hours laboring with penitents, and then go home to writhe in agony from spasms of the heart. Always active, but never giving way; faint, but pursuing, she was a

brilliant example of a faith that 'laughs at impossibilities, and says it shall be done.'

"It was at the wedding of her second daughter that the wider public became first aware of Mrs. Booth's illness. Instead of being, as usual, first and foremost among the speakers at the wedding,

MRS. BOOTH SAT SILENTLY

among her family, and the bride's eyes filled with tears whenever she looked at the white patient face of her mother, who wore her right arm in a sling, and appeared to be in great physical pain."

After this there followed the weary months of indescribable pain and suffering, caused by the fatal cancer, which finally laid her low upon her dying bed at the Home of Rest at Clacton, by the sea. But there, too, the same spirit of faith and resignation which had characterized her active days of ministry upheld her still. Truly the prayer,

'THY WILL BE DONE,'

was LIVED in that room at Clacton! Sickness seemed but to add to her fragrance, and she came through the showers of sorrow and suffering, only to brighten and beautify in a more special manner our little Army oasis in the world's desert.

Alluding to the heroic bravery with which Mrs. Booth received the terrible news of the nature of the disease which was upon her, how she came back across London all alone, as she had gone ('She had gone out full of life and hopes and pains, she came back stricken, the houses changed, the streets changed, all changed!'), the General told what this heroic soul said to him on returning. "Do you know the first thought came to me: 'I won't be there to nurse you.' She wished for us to die together," says the General, "or if not, wished to die last, that she might nurse me in my last hours." But after this, two long years and eight months passed slowly by before it pleased the Lord to say "Come up higher."

CHAPTER II. MESSAGES.

" At His call I am going—

" Love one another, and meet me in the morning!"

"What a life!" says Commissioner Booth-Tucker;
"What a death! What a loss for us! What a gain for her! What a retrospect for us all as we stand, a world-wide family, around our Mother's open grave! True, our hearts are harrowed with anguish, and our eyes are blinded with tears! Like David, we can say that the ploughers have ploughed across our backs, and the furrows they have made are deep and long, indeed eternal. It is right that it should be so. Sorrow is not sin, though sin always means sorrow. But the joyous side of our religion has not obliterated those tender feelings which must need writhe and suffer as we say our final farewell to one who has been to us all, in so true and sacred a sense, 'A Mother in Israel.'

"Sorrow we must, and sorrow we do, in a degree, too, that to worldly self-seekers must seem mysterious.

"And yet we sorrow not as those who are without hope. True, we are walking in darkness and in the valley of the shadow of death, but upon us is shining a great light—a light which shows us her face as she sits in the presence of the King, in the land where no pain enters, and where the shadows and the sighings and

THE SORROWS FLEE FOREVER AWAY.

"Death cannot silence such a life. It only serves as a pinnacle on which she higher stands, as a pulpit from which she more loudly speaks and is more widely heard, as a dark frame that preserves and sets off before the world the picture of her life! Yes, there is hope in our sorrow, there is light in our darkness, and

already her crown glitters and flings its radiance upon our cross.

"And what shall we learn? While gathering in countless thousands, knit together by this common sorrow, at this new rallying-place—her tomb—what shall be the lessons our God, through her, would have us learn? It seems that down the ranks, borne to us by the heavenly breezes, comes in fresh power and pathos her dying message, 'LOVE ONE ANOTHER, AND MEET ME IN THE MORNING!' What volumes are in the words! Lord, help us to learn the fulness of their meaning!

"We are to 'Love one another.' Under all circumstances, at all times. With a FAITHFUL love. No hypocrisy about it.

NO HIDING OF THE SIN THAT BRINGS DANGER
AND SORROW.

We are to tell our brothers and sisters of their faults, more boldly, more plainly from this day than ever before. And yet our love is to be TENDER, kind, compassionate, long-suffering. The Lord has taken her from us to teach us to love more, not less, those she has left behind."

"It came suddenly," wrote our sorrow-stricken General, almost immediately after. "I have often said from pulpit and platform that, come when it may, or as it may, death is always unexpected. We so habitually postpone in the imagination that which we fear, that we say, 'It will not be yet; at any rate, not JUST NOW.'

"It was so here. Perchance the dear Lord saw that we had already had so long and ample notice that we needed no further warning. And it was quite true, for did we not sit for hours

HAND IN HAND,

talking over this sad parting and every detail in connection with it in those wonderful Christmas days?

And did we not embrace each other then and say, 'Farewell,' in the most deliberate manner? So, perhaps, it may be the Master thought He would spare my beloved the pain of another 'Good-bye,' and take her away, as it were, by stealth.

"As well as she was able she joined us in singing the old song :

**"I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
'If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.'"**

And then she

KISSED ME AND SLIPPED AWAY.

I had been compelled of late days to pray, in view of her long-drawn agony, that the Saviour would, in pity, open the gates, put out His arms, and take her in. This is what actually happened."

"There seems to be a HOLE IN MY HEART which nothing can ever fill!" said the General in words that can never be forgotten.

Once again we quote from a detailed account of that memorable day from the pen of Commissioner Booth-Tucker :

"Friday night was a season that will be held in everlasting remembrance by each one of those privileged to be present. Our beloved Mother was awake and conscious for a great part of the time, giving us touching tokens of recognition when she was too weak to utter words.

"There, in the midst of us, lay our beloved leader, but little changed from the picture with which the August (1890) number of 'All the World' has made our comrades so familiar, save that the head was less erect, and drooped on one side through exhaustion. True, the features were somewhat pinched with prolonged suffering, and yet the

GLORIOUS SOUL SHONE

triumphantly through the surrounding darkness, like

the setting sun, when its rays pierce through and light up the densely banked clouds, making their very blackness brilliant with crimson and gold. Surely the very gloom of those sorrow-clouds that obscured our horizon only served to enhance the beauty of that scene, which was to close the last chapter in the life-story of our beloved Mother, and open the first in eternity's record !

"The weeping group that surrounded the bed had but little heart for what was going on outside the chamber, and yet it seemed as if Nature itself were sympathising with our sorrow.

"Strange to say, nearly every crisis of her illness has been marked by a tempest in the natural world. This particular occasion was no exception to the rule. While she was

BRAVELY STRUGGLING

to breast the waves of death's cold river, we could hear the storm raging without, and once or twice loud reports, which we afterwards learnt to be signals of distress from ship-wrecked vessels, could be heard above the roaring of the sea and howling of the wind.

"But you are eager for the last time to enter with me in spirit that long and painful valley of shadows which was at last coming to its close.

"Almost the last audible prayer we heard our loved one breathe was, 'Lord, let the end be easy—for Emma's sake !' And the Lord listened to her cry, voicing as it did to the last her usual

SELF-FORGETFULNESS AND CONSIDERATION

for others.

"At another time she urged us, with almost her dying breath, 'To take the watching IN TURNS,' repeating the last two words with all her wonted emphasis. But how can I describe that night ! You must picture it for yourselves. The plain, undecorated upper room, its windows ever open to the breeze, and

its movable screens arranged so as to guard the watchers from the draughts. 'There, Duckey! I've made a little parlor for you with the screens!' was one of the last little surprises with which she welcomed R——, on her recent return after a few days' absence. Then there was the plain, curtainless iron bedstead, on which the dear sufferer lay,

SURMOUNTED BY THE ARMY FLAG ;

beside her on the pillow were placed the portraits of absent children and grandchildren who were unable to be with her. The Maréchale's telegram was in her hand at the last.

"Our more-than-ever beloved General, the Chief, Raheeman, Eva, Marie, Lucy, and her ever faithful and affectionate attendant, Capt. Carr, with her trusty helper in the labor of love, Lieut. Macpherson, knelt around the bed. For the last forty-eight hours we had scarcely left the room. Again and again we sang her favorite choruses, as best our throbbing hearts and faltering voices would allow, and with what inexpressible emotion did we watch her dear lips moving in the effort to take part. Once when we paused, thinking it might be too much for her, she called out with pathetic distinctness, 'Go—ON!'

"It was in broken sentences and at long intervals that she was able to speak on Friday night, but this only served to fix in our memory the more eternally every word she said. 'Pa!' she would cry out at times, and in a moment the General's weeping face was close to hers. 'What is it, my Precious One?' The lips move, but to our intense disappointment, we cannot discern what she is trying to say. Again we hear distinctly, 'Oh, God!'—followed by another pause. 'Jesus is here,' says the General, 'holding you up

IN HIS EVERLASTING ARMS

—the Saviour of sinners! I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me.'

"Then, amid our sobs, we sing together,

'We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore;
Only waiting for the angels,
Soon they'll come to bear us o'er.'

Other well-known favorites follow in their turn. 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,' 'Oh, love, thou bottomless abyss,' and 'Jesus, Lover of my soul.'

"Once more the lips move as though waiting to speak. The Chief bends over with his ear trumpet. 'Do you believe?' we hear her say. 'Yes, I am SURE He has got you in His arms,' replies the Chief, and then freshly lifts her to God in prayer. 'Lord Jesus, we thank Thee for Thy presence. We beseech Thee to help us in this experience so new to us; in this separation which, although so long looked forward to, seems so dreadful. . . . Lord, help us! Thou hast conquered death! Thou hast waded the river before us! We know she is in Thy arms. We thank Thee for this peace and calm. Let there be a joyful entrance into Thy kingdom. Oh, take her right into Thy presence, and lay her head upon Thy breast!'

"And so those long

HOURS OF THE NIGHT

wore away, and the morning dawned. Still she lingered, and still we watched. Like the ocean tide that our dear mother had loved to gaze upon, we saw the waves of life gradually ebbing away and receding into the distance. Or, rather, it seemed as if some vessel from the eternal shores had cast anchor near our windows, and was only waiting for our loved one to embark in order to set sail.

"At times she would look upwards, and seem to be looking at something. Once we heard her say, 'I see——' 'See what?' we eagerly inquired, but she was unable to answer.

"Fondly we clasped that hand, and again and again we kissed the dear brow, as with

BREAKING HEARTS AND CHOKING VOICES

we uttered our farewell messages of love, 'sorrowing most of all' because we knew that we 'should see her face no more,—till the day break and the shadows flee away.'

"Fainter and fainter grew the breathing, while more and more clearly were assurances of peace written upon that dear-loved face, till at length, with one deep sigh—the last we were to hear on earth—the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the unfettered soul fled away to the land where sorrow and suffering shall be no more, and where God's own hand shall wipe away all tears.

"It was half-past three in the afternoon. The storm of the previous night had passed away, and as I went to the station only two hours later, to meet the Commandant, and to inform him of the sorrowful news that our dear mother

HAD PASSED AWAY,

the beautiful autumn sun was just setting in an almost cloudless sky. The singing of the larks, and the dull murmur of the waves beating in the distance on the shore, all seemed as if nature's God were seeking, through His handiworks, to speak peace to our troubled souls, reminding us, through the beauties of that exceptionally lovely autumn day, that our loved one had entered upon a world whose beauty eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

"We sorrow, not as those who have no hope, but are able to say with sorrowful confidence of our beloved Mother, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord! Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them!'"

Ended is thy grand career !
 Closed in peace thy warfare here !
 Warrior-weapons are laid down,
 Changed for heavenly harp and crown ;
 Since we may not call thee back,
 We will follow in thy track !

Seem we still to hear thy voice,
 Bidding us with thee rejoice,
 Rousing us to nobler deed.
 Pointing to the world's vast need !
 As beside thy grave we bow,
 Still to follow thee we vow !

Through this agony of loss,
 Thou dost point us to the Cross !
 Through the blinding tears that fall,
 Thou with trumpet-voice doth call !
 We with heart and soul reply,
 " We will follow till we die ! "

From amongst all the mass of extracts perhaps none possesses a more absorbing interest for us than the letter written by Mrs. Booth—and read by the General—on the occasion of the wedding of our own Canadian Commandant, Herbert H. Booth, previous to her glorious promotion :

" OCEANVILLE,

" CLACTON-ON-SEA.

18th September, 1890.

" MY DEAR CHILDREN, COMRADES, AND FRIENDS,—

" It will seem quite natural to you that I should be deeply and tenderly interested in the important ceremony which is taking place this morning in the dear old Congress Hall.

" And it is, I think, quite natural to me to desire to say a word of congratulation to my dear son and daughter, and to wish especially, in the presence of you all, to give them my best benediction, and to assure them of my fervent prayer that heaven's best blessing may rest upon their union, and in all the consequences that may flow out of it.

" I say it is quite natural that I should entertain this desire to be with you, and to speak these feelings, of which my heart is full.

" But this cannot be. God has willed it otherwise : I am His prisoner. His will be done. But as I cannot stand in my old place and say these words, I send them by my dear husband, who must speak them for me.

" I am pleased with this union. I have considered it well, and approve it with my most deliberate judgment.

"It is not only a satisfaction, but a joy. It seems to be a fulfilment of all

MY MANY PRAYERS AND DREAMS

on behalf of my dear Herbert.

"I believe he has for years desired that his marriage, if ever it should take place, should command the approbation of his father and mother—nay, that he would never marry unless it did. And knowing the integrity of our own hearts in relation to such an important transaction, and that God had given us some ability for judging what would be wisest and good for him, that decision of the young man pleased me.

"But more than this, I believe he was equally decided not to enter upon any union that did not, in his own estimation, promise the promotion of the highest interests of the Army and the glory of God. All these feelings which I know he has cherished carefully for years, have been a great comfort to me. I have felt that such resolutions were a strong anchor to him, calculated to keep him from mistake.

"And now it is a great pleasure for me to think—nay, believe—that he has met with a companion and comrade every way suitable, likely to assist him in

WALKING CLOSELY WITH GOD,

maintaining the integrity of his soul, and being true to the claims of a poor dying world.

"I am reposing, therefore, on my bed this morning in the assurance that the beautiful sentiment embodied in the saying, that marriages are made in heaven, will be verified in this particular instance.

"And now I ask you, dear comrades and friends, who have given your blessings to the marriages of my other dear children that have taken place in this hall, in my presence, to give your blessing with equal fervor and equal faith to this one, which this morning takes place in my absence.

"So far as my poor blessing is of value, I send it to you all. I again thank you for your prayers and sympathies, and again express my oft-repeated hope, to meet you in heaven.

"I am no less interested in this world because I am waiting here on the threshold of the other for my Lord's bidding. Oh, believe me, its sorrows and its sin, its opportunities and responsibilities are *realities*, which claim all your powers and all your influence for the service of Him Who has redeemed it. God be with you.

"Yours till the Morning,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

She wrote a personal letter to the Commandant. This letter he keeps as one of his dearest treasures. It was the last letter Mrs. Booth ever wrote. Some day

we hope to have the privilege of reproducing it in fac simile for our "War Cry" readers.

In addition to the above dictated words, Mrs. Booth-Tucker brought a verbal message from her suffering mother on the evening of the Commandant's marriage. In addressing the audience present, Mrs. Booth-Tucker said :

"I do wish you could have been with me the evening before I left my mother to come to this wedding. I was sitting with her in the gloaming, by her bedside. I thought she was dozing a little, and I was trying to read as well as the light would allow me, when she called me to her side. I hastened and held my ear down that I might catch every word, and she said—oh, with such an expression lighting up her face, and while tears came into her eyes :

" 'Emma, I should like you to let them understand at the Congress Hall to-morrow, how great a comfort it is to me now that I am lying on the banks of the Jordan, with

LIFE'S OPPORTUNITIES FOR LOVE AND LABOR

swiftly passing for ever away, to know that with all my children I have sought first, all the way through, the interests of the Kingdom of Christ, and now, when I am leaving you all to the storms and temptations and dangers of life, I have the realization that the promise is being fulfilled, and will be fulfilled, that all other things shall be added.'

"I prayed as she spoke that I might be able to deliver you that message, so that it should lodge, by the Spirit's help, in the inmost recesses of every soul, and that we, one and all, who are called by Christ's name and know anything of his power to save, should go forth determined that with our children, with our husbands or wives, with our friends, with our daily associates in the business or the counting-house, for us to live should be Christ, and that we would seek first, at every cost, the interests of His kingdom.

"As my mother lifted the one hand that she can now move, and said those words over and over, they seemed to write themselves in fresh desire upon my soul :

" 'FIRST—not among other things, but FIRST—since the hour that I first kissed Bramwell as he lay a little babe on my bosom, I said to the Lord, 'In all my ambitions for this child, and any others that may follow, in all my dealings with them, and in the education that I may be able to give them,

THY KINGDOM SHALL BE FIRST.' "

And now comes the wondrous consolation that fills her heart when dying. Another who stood by her side during the last moments, writes :

" My comrades, we have suffered the loss, the beloved of our hearts reaps the gain. We sang around her poor frame, which for months gone by, twenty-four hours a day, had been as a rack of torture to which her spirit was bound,

**' Oh, the angels will come, with music will come,
With music, sweet music, to welcome thee home ;
In the bright gates of crystal the shining ones will stand,
And sing me a welcome to their own native land.'**

And while we looked and waited for her coming back to speak some more words of comfort to us, lo, the Master said, 'It is enough,' and quick as lightning flash, the last link of the chain that bound her was severed, and she stepped into the chariot, on which she had again and again in the past had one foot, and fled away to the arms of her soul's Beloved, and the place that had so long been waiting for her. How great a change it was to her no tongue can tell, no words describe.

" It was Saturday afternoon, at half-past three o'clock, her life's work was done.

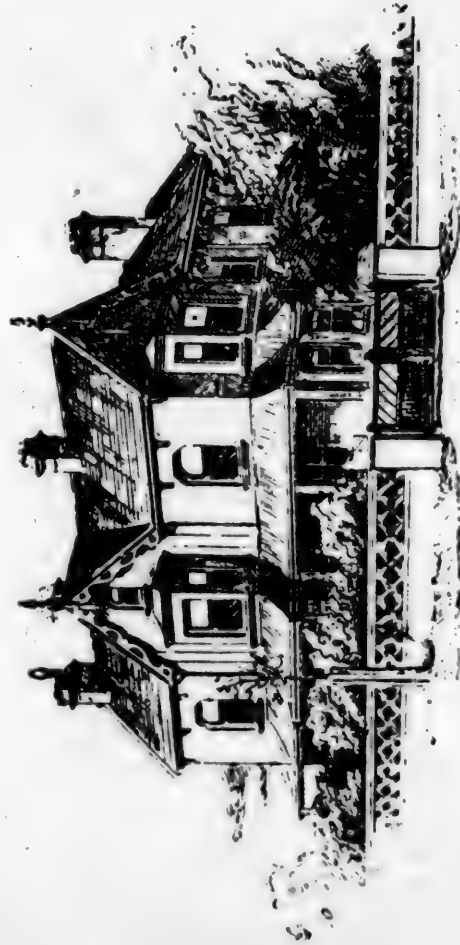
" Thoroughness was one of the

MOST PROMINENT ELEMENTS

in her character ; what she did she did with her

might, and she did it well. And it seemed as though, if there is an angel who specially sees to the fulfilment of the tasks of the saints, that he exacted to the uttermost the measure of work and suffering that had been put down to her."





OCEANVILLE, CLACTON-ON-SEA.—(The house where
Mrs. Booth died.)

CHAPTER III. IN MEMORIAM.

I. THE MIGHTY DEAD.

II. THE MEMORIAL MEETING.

III. THE FUNERAL MARCH.

IV. THE GRAVESIDE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

I well remember the scenes of Monday and Tuesday, October 13th and 14th, 1890. For a week or fortnight before the Army Mother had been lying in the great Congress Hall at Clapton, and tens of thousands of loving sons and daughters of this fold and of other folds had filed past singly, one by one, and dropped a tear or breathed a fervent prayer.

That sight, repeated day after day, was full of meaning. Here was an opportunity for all sorts and conditions of men to sink their common differences and at one common bier mingle their prayers and tears together in one common sorrow.

I do not know that the form of the loved one as she lay there stiff in death, with the death-color on her brow, affected me so much and so mightily as the great, struggling, burning thoughts which would constantly arise and shake my inmost soul—that the world had lost a preacher, the people a friend, and the Church of God a prophet.

Of the tender side of Mrs. Booth's nature I have not had the sacred honor and privilege of knowing much. It was always as a fearless preacher of the Truth, a veritable God-sent prophet of the nineteenth century, she stood forth in my imagination. In her fearless speech, and open, unequivocal attack on sham and

**A Prophet
of the
19th Century.**

wrong, I have ever regarded her as the incarnate embodiment of stern, unflinching principle.

I remember amongst other things how the thought stirred me at the time that a frail, fragile woman, a sufferer above and beyond most of her fellows, an exposor of unrighteousness, and never sparing the popular idols, should, nevertheless, in her death command almost unbroken, universal and unfeigned admiration and regard. Is it thus that always a prophet dies?

I went twice to visit the bier, and each time
Visit to endeavored to linger in order to imprint
the Bier. upon my mind more permanently the form and figure of the heroic dead. Each time the great crowd seemed to me to be an invader upon my sacred thoughts, and each time I was compelled, reluctantly but necessarily, to pass on without more than a moment's opportunity of fulfilling my desire.

Clapton Congress Hall (to those who do not know the great metropolis of the world) is a large rectangular building scooped out somewhat in the fashion of an amphitheatre, only square instead of round, capable of seating 5,000 people. Another thousand could comfortably stand in the capacious aisles. On this occasion the seats mostly were moved away so that there would be free ingress and egress to all comers. There were many wreaths, flowers, and other love tokens, but, somehow, these made no permanent impression upon my mind. All my attention was absorbed, not by the externals, but by the one last remnant of what was once a mighty soul.

There were meetings continually in progress, conducted by well-known officers whose names are quite a household word in the Old Country, and on several occasions these faithful souls were occupied in pointing some wayward wandering sinner back to the Father's Fold. Even the meetings in some way assumed a secondary importance as I gazed and thought and meditated on the future and the past.

Olympia—The great, vast enclosure used for huge worldly spectacular shows. Here world
Olympia. wide exhibitions are held. This is the

largest building of its kind in London, and at one time the largest in the world. It will hold we do not know how many thousand people. There are galleries all round. Such a vast assembly gathered at once within one building it has not been the lot of many to see. 30,000 persons passed through the turn-stiles. There was a fog—a London fog,—dark and dismal, which crept in and at first obscured one half of the concourse from the other. When the mist did lift, and a clear vision could be obtained, there, stretched back as far as eye could see, was one great, vast assemblage of worshippers, followers and friends. For once Salvationists and non-Salvationists, saints and sinners, friends and foes, mixed together in one common woe.

There was a platform, there was music, there were decorations ; but there was a solemn, indefinable hush and stillness, in spite of the unavoidable rustle of dress as new comers poured in, and the necessary adjusting of the arrangements.

There was a muffled roll of drums ; and solemnly,
The One the funeral procession entered the far
Lone Figure. end in mournful state, and marched slowly, sombrely up the central aisle. Every heart was hushed ; the voice had been hushed long since. Strange and weird passions played about the soul. Was not this the tabernacle of the dead ? I was on duty in the central aisle, not far from the platform. The procession drew near. I stood erect till then, and then, as by a side glance I caught sight of the lone figure of the General, all absent and absorbed within himself,—a spectacle of pity such as one has never seen before—I involuntarily dropped my head, and for the first time emotions slipped the rein. It was but momentary, and almost as quick once more, with set mind and firm purpose, emotions were held in check at duty and its call.

There never was such a near approach to the realization of the sepulchre of the dead as when that procession wended its way up the aisle to the platform. A solemn service followed, in which as many as could joined, but as many more found it impossible to do so, at least in voice. All followed in silent adoration.

* * *

There had been a march through the Great City unparalleled in history except, perhaps, once or twice, and that is doubtful. You can take for granted

**Unparalleled
Procession.**

all the preliminary preparations, falling in rank, battalion on battalion, and the reception of the General as we passed by the world-known premises of International Headquarters, 101 Queen Victoria St. Traffic was all stopped, one of the kindnesses the City police have always shown to the Salvation Army. But the inner traffic, the traffic and trade behind the scenes, was also stopped. In every great store, and bank, and house of business it seemed for the nonce as if by universal consent, everyone had laid down their pens to contemplate one scene, anyway, of life and death and judgment to come.

My attention on the march was divided betwixt the contemplation of the dead and the eager watching of the faces of the living.

**The Living
and
The Dead.**

Here was an unbroken stretch of humanity — from the noble Thames embankment, through the proud Empire City of the world, again onward through the slums until the graveside is reached. The people stood tier upon tier behind each other, using forms, and seats, and balconies, and shop fronts, and all other facilities to secure a full view. Saloons found it profitable on this day to cease the sale of drink, and provide seats at sixpence and a shilling for a sight of the coffin of the one who, above all others, had done her best to destroy their existence.

I noticed, or thought I noticed, various shades and classes of men as we passed by. In the City there was

a great preponderance of city people dressed in city fashion : merchants and clerks and shopmen of all kinds, with a smaller element of the average working man. As we moved East, and left the City boundary,

**The Hard
Battle
of Life.**

the scene was changed. It was Bishopsgate. We were now hemmed in by multitudes of the struggling poor, battling hard against the adverse fates of life. They were workmen, for the most part, and working women, of the artisan class. They all showed traces in their faces of the hard battle of life. Some of them clearly showed the closer pinch of poverty. They were wistful ; many serious, sympathetic ; some wild and wanton ; some were in drink. Some viewed the pageant as an exhibition for the passing of an idle hour. There was curiosity everywhere. Some bared their heads ; here and there a Salvationist or a friend gave vent to their feelings of loyalty and love.

This section and the next bore a very close relation, and yet there was a difference. The new section we had now entered was poorer and rougher and wilder than the last. This was evidently slumdom, or slumdom near at hand. It was Shoreditch, before you come to Kingsland. There was, perhaps, even more eagerness here to get a sight ; in fact, the procession became divided by the rush of people.

We enter Kingsland, and the scene again is changed. We are now among the working middle class—those who work for their living, but yet have no struggle to do so ; with a few here and there who are better off. The crowd have thinned down considerably and have betaken themselves to the cemetery or to other vantage grounds to witness the final scene.

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We were wearied and exhausted beyond measure by the march. We had come only

**The
Graveside.**

at a funeral pace all that long four miles. We closed up round the grave, as many as could. Some could see, but all could hear. The

General was there, and the Chief and the Commandant and the other members of the family. There was one sight which must have moved a heart of stone. Miss Lucy and Miss Eva, no longer able to restrain their tears, burst forth as the coffin was lowered. The General, the dear old General, every inch a warrior and every inch a man, a father and yet a leader, bent over his weeping daughters, put his two arms around them as they wept, but himself wept not. Others wept. The coffin is lowered, the earth is thrown in in orthodox fashion, and, true to Army custom, the General stands forth to speak at the graveside of his beloved. At that instant, as he rose, there was such an involuntary sensation—stupendous, irresistible—that went as by instinct through every heart, that the whole gathering burst forth simultaneously into weeping. It was as he rose to speak, that for the second time, try as I would to refrain, nature gave way. He rose to address us, and his words were like

**The Silver
Notes of
Poetry.**

the silver notes of poetry. That solemn charge was poetry, if any had a poet's ear. Eloquence!—Ah! did ever you hear eloquence? Here was eloquence, impassioned, transparent, such as no art or application could produce. It was the passion of the soul pouring forth in the highest and noblest and purest and grandest strain. He spoke of his beloved—his beloved was the apple of his eye. But I shall spoil such eloquence if I attempt with stranger hands to give it here, except as it was given itself. It is too sacred otherwise to touch, and here it follows :

“ MY BELOVED COMRADES AND FRIENDS,—

**The General's
Sorrow.**

“ You will readily understand that I find it a difficulty to talk to you this afternoon. To begin with, I could not be willing to talk without an attempt to make you hear, and sorrow doesn't feel like shouting. (‘God bless you, General!’) Yet I cannot resist the opportunity of looking you in the face and blessing you in

the Name of the Lord, and in the name of our beloved one, who is looking down upon us if she is not actually with in this throng to-day. (Amens.)

"As I have come riding through these hundreds of thousands of people this afternoon, who have bared their heads, and who have blessed me in the Name of the Lord at almost

EVERY REVOLUTION OF THE CARRIAGE WHEELS, my mind has been full of two feelings which alternate—one is uppermost one moment and the other the next—and yet which blend and amalgamate, and these are the feeling of sorrow and the feeling of gratitude.

"Those who know me—and I don't think I am very difficult to understand—('No, no!') and those who knew my darling, my beloved, will, I am sure, understand how it is that my heart should be rent with sorrow. ('Yes! God bless you.')

"If you had had

A TREE

that had grown up in your garden under your window, which for forty years had been your shadow from the burning sun, whose flowers had been the adornment and beauty of your life, whose fruit had been almost the very stay of your existence, and the gardener had come along and swung his glittering axe and cut it down before your eyes, I think you would feel as though you had a blank—it might not be a big one, but a little blank in your life.

"If you had had

A SERVANT

who for all this long time had served you without fee or reward, who had ministered—for very love—to your health and comfort, and who had suddenly passed away, you would miss that servant.

"If you had had

A COUNSELLOR

who, in hours—continually occurring—of perplexity

and amazement, had ever advised you, and seldom advised wrong ; whose advice you had followed and seldom had to regret it ; and the Counsellor, while you are in the same intricate mazes of your existence, had passed away, you would miss that Counsellor !

“ If you had had

A FRIEND,

who had understood your very nature, the rise and fall of your feelings, the bent of your thoughts, and the purposes of your existence ; a friend whose communion had ever been pleasant—the most pleasant of all other friends—to whom you had ever turned with satisfaction, and your friend was taken away, you would feel some sorrow at the loss !

“ If you had had

A MOTHER

for your children, who had cradled and nursed and trained them for the service of the living God, in which you most delighted—a mother, indeed, who had never ceased to bear their fortunes on her heart, and who afterwards was willing to pour forth that heart's blood in order to nourish them, and that darling mother had been taken from your side—you would feel it a sorrow !

“ If you had had

A WIFE,

—a sweet love of a wife—who for forty years had never given you real cause for grief ; a wife who stood with you side by side in the battle's front ; who had been a comrade to you ; ever been willing to interpose herself between you and the enemy, and ever the strongest when the battle was fiercest—and your beloved one had fallen before your eyes, I am sure there would be some excuse for your sorrow !

“ Well, my comrades, you can roll all these qualities into one personality, and what would be lost in each I have lost in all—there has been taken away from me the delight of my eyes, the inspiration of my

soul, and we are about to lay all that remains of her in the grave. I have been looking right at the bottom of it here, and calculating how soon they may bring and lay me alongside of her, and my cry to God has been that every remaining hour of my life may make me readier to come and join her in death—no ! to go and

EMBRACE HER IN LIFE IN THE ETERNAL CITY ! ”

(‘ Amen ! ’ and ‘ Praise God ! ’)

“ And yet, my comrades (for I won’t detain you), my heart is full of gratitude, too, that swells and makes me forget my sorrow, that the long Valley of the Shadow of Death has been trodden, and that out of the dark tunnel she has emerged into the light of day. Death came to her with all his terrors, brandishing his dart before her for two long years and nine months. Again and again she went down to the river’s edge to receive his last thrust, as she thought, but ever coming back to life again. Thank God, she will see him no more—she is more than

CONQUEROR OVER THE LAST ENEMY ! ”



[MRS. BOOTH'S GRAVESTONE IN ABNEY PARK
CEMETERY.]

CATHERINE BOOTH
THE MOTHER OF
THE SALVATION ARMY.

MORE THAN CONQUEROR
THROUGH HIM THAT LOVED
US AND GAVE HIMSELF
FOR ALL THE WORLD
AND FOR YOU.

DO YOU ALSO FOLLOW CHRIST.

CHAPTER IV. TESTIMONY.

*"Life's work well done,
Life's course well run,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest."*

In glancing through the mass of comment and encomium bestowed by the press upon our beloved and sainted Mother at the time of her death, it is a fact full of beautiful significance that in almost every instance it is the spirit of "the Man Christ Jesus" that calls forth the lavish expressions of admiration from pulpit and newspaper and magazine of divers shades of thought and opinion, both secular and religious. It was the life of her crucified Lord she lived, and suffered, and taught.

"AND I IF I BE LIFTED UP WILL DRAW ALL MEN
UNTO ME."

Addressing a large congregation in the City Temple on the Sunday following, Dr. Parker spoke of Mrs. Booth as follows :

"She threw her arms around the Cross, and went into the unseen sanctuary trusting to the all-saving and all-cleansing blood of Christ.

"She was a valiant soldier of the Cross, eloquent, clear-sighted, firm to soldierliness, yet gentle to motherliness. She fought a good fight, and died like a warrior who had won a crown of glory. We sympathize with General Booth and his whole family; we pray that they may triumph here also, to show that they can suffer patiently as well as fight strenuously and heroically. Everyone bears loving witness to the ability and zeal of the deceased. She won all hearts. She has left us the legacy and the responsibility of a great example. Who will take up her work, or take up any little portion of it? She does not ask to be admired, she asks to be replaced.

"From her place near the eternal throne she asks, 'Who will go on with the work from which I have been called away?' Why stand ye here all the day idle? We do not want critics, we want comrades in the war, we want fellow-sowers in the great field, we want friends and helpers. Your criticism is worthless, it is exasperating, it is hindering; we want sympathy, prayer, co-operation; that fine feeling which takes the burdensomeness out of labor and makes toil but another aspect of reward. May God continue to bless the Salvation Army, for without it the whole church of Christ would be unspeakably enfeebled. Let those who snub it excel it. Men, women and children who can for one week deny themselves that they may give to the cause of religious progress and education, are above our poor rebuffs. We should be ashamed of ourselves in advising whilst they are in the agony of suffering. Have we denied ourselves? I was written to, along with many others, for a letter commending the exercise of self-denial during the last week. I never wrote a letter more reluctantly in my life; it is so easy to recommend, so difficult to exemplify. The time has now come when we must have work, hard work, general and universal work, when we can cease all exasperating and hindering policies, and grow to a great brotherhood, working in the spirit of divine covenant, deriving all our light and strength, our stimulus and comfort, from the Cross which carries as its burden and its glory the living, dying, triumphant God. Let us begin well round the open tomb of a woman conspicuous for ability, illustrious for devotion."

Mr. Stead says:

"There was an intense humanity about Mrs. Booth. She was a very human woman. You never felt of her that you had to get on a ladder to get within speaking distance. She was human in her feelings as well as in her virtues. It was Mrs. Booth who made the Army the great instrument that it has been of revealing to the world the capacities and resources of her own sex, and it was Mrs. Booth who, by the warmth of her love and the strength of her prudence, supplemented the genius of her husband in such a way as to enable him, with her, to do a work for which there is no parallel in our day."

We quote from the "Christian World":

"Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Mrs. Booth's life-work, both as preacher and writer, has been her ambassadorial position between the richer and poorer classes. The intensity of her sympathy for all who were in any sort of spiritual or temporal distress, and the simplicity and directness of her appeals to the hearts of her hearers, to whatever class they might belong, peculiarly qualified her to promote practical charity as between all sorts and conditions of men. In the morning she would be denounc-

ing the extravagant waste of life and money in the drawing-room, and demanding that those who had talent and education should devote themselves to the service of Christ in ministering to the poor and fallen. The same evening she would be demanding, with no less energy, from some huge audience of the working classes, an abandonment at once of all low, sensual indulgences, and of all bitter feelings against wealthier neighbors, and upholding Christ as the present Deliverer from all evil passions and appetites, and from that fear of other's sneers, which among high and low alike is so common a hindrance to nobility of character and excellence of life."

The "Christian Commonwealth" says:

"The late Mrs. Booth was a fine example of womanly power in the sphere of social reform."

The "Pall Mall Gazette," ever recognizing worth, records:

"She was a great Englishwoman—one of the greatest Englishwomen of our era. In this reign only three women have died for whose graves posterity will look in Westminster Abbey, and in each case they will look in vain. Elizabeth Barrett Browning sleeps in Florence; George Eliot's grave lies in the northern heights of London; while Mrs. Booth's will be among the many Army graves in the cemetery at Abney Park. But it is better so.

"Over the grave of Mrs. Booth a shrine should arise in which devout pilgrims from the uttermost parts of the world, who have been blessed by her teaching and inspired by her example, might meet to pray and thank God for the gift of so valiant and true a leader in the War."

The "Daily News," in well chosen words, says:

"It has been remarked with justice that the Salvationists owe their rapid rise and their astonishing success to the very effective way in which they have testified to their belief in the spiritual and intellectual equality of the sexes. Promotion is by merit in the Army, and not only promotion as between man and man, but as between Salvationists of either sex. Mrs. Booth was not only the devoted help-mate of the General, she was his co-worker; and many of the most fruitful ideas in Army organization originated in her mind."

The following is from "The Speaker."

"Fifty years ago, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, lecturing at the Royal Institution, began his discourse by reminding his audience that 'a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him,' and starting from that fact proceeded to describe with a poet's fancy and an orator's tongue, the types of heroes the world has seen. The function of Mr.

Carlyle's hero is always to preach. There is the eloquent hero who addresses multitudes with voice or pen. There is the silent hero, who, preferring silent example to clamorous precept, offers them only heroic acts to emulate and a heroic pattern to attain. But both types in their own ways are preachers, and their essential characteristic is that they should be sincere."

"The Women's Penny Paper" terms her one of the noblest, best, and most famous of English-women.

"It is truly significant of the 'Church of the Future;' indeed, the Salvation Army can bring forward more potent claims to that title than any other church existing. It is to Mrs. Booth and her influence that this peculiar feature of the Salvation Army owes its origin and its truly marvellous development. Her life showed her to be a woman of administrative genius as well as a fluent writer and eloquent, forcible speaker."

From quite another standpoint "The Jewish World" writes:

"However one may differ from the theology of the Salvation Army, there can be no question of the great value of its work among the poor, and of the enormous success which has attended its operations. In the organization of this vast humanitarian enterprise the late Mrs. Booth was a leading spirit. Her faith, her enthusiasm, her modesty, and her devotion, formed the standard of conduct for the whole Army. There can be no doubt that in Mrs. Booth a very remarkable woman has gone to rest. Those of us in the Jewish community who, in the effort to relieve Jewish poverty and vice, are frequently brought into contact with the many miseries of the East End, will not need to be told how practically beneficial has been the work she inspired. The Salvation Army has proved a real civilising force among a section of the population where civilising work was most required. Enthusiasm, self-denial and practical philanthropy are qualities which belong to no particular sect, and which members of all creeds honor wherever they find them. From this point of view Mrs. Booth is entitled to a tribute from every denomination in the country.



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